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The mark or standard by which a nation is judged to be barbarous or civilized.

Barbarities of civilized States.

The justice of a nation's claim to be regarded as civilized, seems to depend, mainly, upon the degree in which Art has triumphed over Nature. The culture implied by the term Civilization is the influence of Art, and not Nature, on man. He mingles his own will with the unchanged essences around him, and becomes, in his turn, the creature of his own creations.

The end of life is education. An education is good or bad, according to the disposition or frame of mind it induces. If it tends to cherish and develop the religious sentiment—continually to remind man of his mysterious relation to God and Nature—and exalt him above the toil and drudgery of this matter-of-fact world, it is good. Civilization, we think, not only does not accomplish this, but is directly adverse to it. The civilized man is the slave of matter. Art pares the earth, lest he may soil the soles of his feet, it builds walls, that he may not see the heavens, year in, year out, the ^{sun} rises in rain.

to him, the rain falls and the wind blows, but they do not reach him. From his wigwam of brick and mortar he praises his Maker for the genial warmth of a Sun he never saw, or the fruitfulness of an Earth he disdains to tread upon. Who says this is not mocking?

Too much for the influence of Art.

Our rude forefathers took liberal and enlarged views of things, rarely narrow or partial. They surrendered up themselves wholly to Nature - to contemplate her was a part of their daily food. Was she stupendous, so were their conceptions. The inhabitant of the mountain can hardly be brought to use a microscope, he is accustomed to ^{trace} ~~see~~ empires in a ^{single} glance. Nature is continually exerting a moral influence over them, she accommodates herself to the soul of man. Hence his conceptions are as gigantic as her mountains. We may see an instance of this if we will but turn our eyes to the strong holds of liberty, Scotland, Switzerland, and Wales. ~~are familiar instances.~~

What more stupendous can Art contrive than the Alps? what more sublime the thunder among the hills?

The savage is far sighted, his eye, like the Poet's,
"Soth glances from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven,"

he looks far into futurity, wandering as familiarly through the land of spirits as the civilized man through his wood lot or pleasure grounds. His life is practical poetry—a perfect epic; the earth is his hunting ground—he lives sans and winters—the sun is his time-piece, he journeys to its rising or its setting, to the abode of winter or the land whence the summer comes. He never listens to the thunder but he is reminded of the Great Spirit—it is his voice. To him, the lightening is less terrible than it is sublime—the rainbow less beautiful than it is wonderful—the sun less warm than it is glorious.

The savage dies and is buried, he sleeps with his forefathers, & before many winters his dust has returned to dust again, and his body is mingled with the elements. The civilized man can scarce sleep even in his grave. Not even there are the weary at rest, for ^{the} wicked cease from troubling. What with the hammering of stone, and the grating of bolts, the worms themselves are well-nigh deceived. Art rears his monument, learning contributes his epitaph, and interest adds the "Carey feet,"

as a salutary check upon the unearthly emotions
which a perusal might otherwise excite. XXV

A nation may be ever so civilized and yet lack
wisdom. Wisdom is the result of education, and edu-
cation being the bringing out, or developement, of
that which is in a man, by contact with the world
and ^{that is by life,} is safer in the hands of Nature than of
Art. The savage may be, and often is, a sage.
Our Indian is more of a man than the inhab-
itant of a city. He lives as a man - he thinks
as a man - he dies as a man. The latter,
it is true is, more learned; Learning is Art's
creature; but it is not essential to the per-
fect man - it cannot educate. A man may
spend his days in the study of a single species
of animalculae, invisible to the naked eye,
and thus become the founder of a new branch
of science, without having advanced the great
objects for which life was given him at all.

The naturalist, the chemist, or the mechanist,
is no more a man for all his learning. Life
is still as short as ever, death as inevitable, and
the heavens are as far off.

The Indian journeys many suns to visit.